Othe. I tell thee ſhee is, therefore make her grave ſtraight, the Crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it Chriſtian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, unleſſe he drown'd her ſelfe in her owne defence?

Oth. Why 'tis found ſo.

Clow. It muſt be ſo offended, it cannot be elſe; for here lies the point, if I drowne my ſelfe wittingly it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; ſhee drown'd her ſelfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay but heare you goodman delver.

Clow. Give me leave, here lyes the water, good, here ſtands the man, good, if the man goe to this water and drowne himſelfe, it is will he nill he; he goes, marke you that: but if the water come to him and drowne him, he drownes not himſelfe; argall hee that is not guilty of his owne death ſhortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry is't, Crowners queſt law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth ant't, if this had not been a Gentlewoman ſhe ſhould have bin buried out a Chriſtian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou ſaiſt, and the more pitty that great folke ſhould have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themſelves, more than their even Chriſten: Come my ſpade, there is no ancient Gentlemen but Gardeners, Ditchers, and Grave-makers, they hold up *Adams* profeſſion.

Oth. Was he a Gentleman?

Clow. A was the firſt that ever bore armes.

Ile put another queſtion to thee, if thou anſwereſt mee not to the purpoſe, confeſſe thy ſelfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. What is hee that builds ſtronger than either the Maſon, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Oth. The gallowes-maker, for that out-lives a thouſand tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes does well, but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill, now thou doeſt ill to ſay the gallowes is built ſtronger than the Church, argall the gallowes may doe well to thee. To't againe, come.

Oth. Who builds ſtronger than a Maſon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clow.

Clow. I, tell me that an
Oth. Marry now I can t
Clow. To't.
Othe. Maſſe I cannot te
Clow. Cudgel thy brain
not mend his pace with be
next ſay a grave-maker, th
Goe get thee in, and fetch
In youth when I did love
Me thought it was very
To contract O the time f
O me thought there a w
Enter H
Ham. Has this fellow
grave-making.
Hor. Cuſtome hath m
Ha. 'Tis een ſo, the har
Clow. But age with his
hath clawed
And hath ſhipp
as if I had nev
Ham. That ſkull had a
knave jowles it to the g
did the firſt murther: th
this aſſe now ore-reach
it not?
Hora. It might my L
Ham. Or of a Court
Lord, how doeſt thou ſw
a one, that praiſed my
beg it, might it not?
Hora. I my Lord.
Ha. Why een ſo, and
about the mazer with a
we had the tricke to ſe
ding but to play at log
Clow. A pickax and
for and a ſh

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